

Miscellaneous.

J. B. LEONARD & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

TOBACCO,

Imported and Domestic Segars,
Of which we always have on hand a large
and superior stock.

Imported and Domestic

Wines and Liquors

OF BEST QUALITIES.

Always in store Pure North Carolina

CORN WHISKY, APPLE AND PEACH

BRANDIES.

J. B. LEONARD & CO.

Nov. 4, 44-5m.

JNO. E. WEBB & CO.,

COTTON BUYERS,

We always pay the HIGHEST MARKET

PRICES FOR COTTON, and also

make LIBERAL ADVANCES to parties

wishing to ship to either New York, Bos-

ton or Charleston.

STORAGE! STORAGE!!

STORAGE!!!

Parties wishing to STORE COTTON will

do well to call on MESSRS. JNO. E. WEBB

& CO., who will store the most reason-

able rates, also insure when desired.

Sep. 23, 28-4.

F. N. PARKER,

SUCCESSOR TO WEBB, JONES & PARKER,

(Between Fifth Street and the Post Office.)

DEALER IN

HARNESS,

SADDLES and

LEATHER.

Having bought the ENTIRE STOCK

of the Harness and Saddle Manufacture

of Messrs. Webb, Jones & Parker, I am

prepared to do all kinds of work in this

line. Also will keep on hand for sale HARNESS,

SADDLES, &c. HARNESS LEATHER,

SOLE LEATHER, UPPER LEATHER, &c.,

of the best and cheapest. REPAIRING

and all work done to order.

At Cash Prices and at Shortest

Notice

Apr. 15, 15-4.

THE FALL SESSION

OF THE

NEWBERRY

FEMALE ACADEMY

WILL COMMENCE ON THE 15TH SEPT.

A. P. PIFER, A. M., Principal,

WITH COMPETENT ASSISTANTS.

The advantages afforded by this institu-

tion for a thorough and complete educa-

tion, are second to no other in the State,

while the

Tuition is low, viz: from \$15.00 to \$25.00

for board and day expenses. My long

experience as a school teacher, makes me

confident that I will give entire satisfaction,

and all ask for fine work. Cutting in the

latest style, and all work done in the neat-

est manner.

Place of business ever Capt. J. F. Speck's

Jewelry Store.

Cleaning and Repairing done promptly.

Sep. 30, 30-4m.

WM. C. BEE & CO.,

FACTORS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Agents' Wharf, Charleston, S. C.

Liberal advances on consignments

of Cotton and other produce to them in

Charleston, or through their correspond-

ents in Liverpool, New York and

Baltimore.

Particular attention given to sale of

upland Cotton.

Wm. C. Bee, EUGENE P. JERRY,

THOS. D. JERRY, LAURENCE N. CHISOLM.

Oct. 28, 48-4m.

OUR MONTHLY,

Is a religious Magazine.

Advocates Brotherly love among Chris-

tians.

Has a Local Department.

Advocates Temperance.

Scientific and Literary Notes.

Twenty-four Pages and Cover.

Subscription, \$1.00.

Subscriptions received at the Newberry

Herald Office.

Oct. 11, 45-4f.

Wm. P. JACOBS,

Clinton, S. C.

NEWBERRY MERCHANTS

GET A GREAT DEAL OF TRADE

FROM

LAURENCE COUNTY.

They will find it to their advantage to ad-

vertise in

OUR MONTHLY.

Nov. 11, 45-4f.

JOHN C. DIAL,

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Has a full stock of Building Material,

Carpenter's, Blacksmith's, Mason's and Tan-

ners' Tools.

All goods warranted as represented.

Prompt in the lowest for good goods.

Orders with the cash, or satisfactory re-

ferences, promptly attended to.

Nov. 4, 44-4m.

Poetry.

ONLY WAITING.

A very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."
Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is down!
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of Heaven are breaking
Thro' the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate
By whose side I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate,
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows,
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is down.

Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
And their light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Like shattered rainbows where they lie
Within the forest's silence.

Autumn leaves!
The wind-harp gives
For summer passed away—

Brown leaves!
Fluttering like snow-birds down—
Tender things of other brown
That to our windows fly.

Golden leaves!
Drifting like the sunbeams fair
On the silent waves of air
So radiantly by.

Crimson leaves!
Dropping like the sun's last rays
At the close of autumn days,
Upon the western hill.

Yellow leaves!
Whirling by on every blast
That stirs a tremor for the past
In tones that sadly thrill.

Yellow, russet, gold, and red!
That rustle softly "neath our tread.
Beautiful leaves!
That the first king waves
In nature's magic loom.

OLD EYE'S SPEECH.

I was made to be eaten
And not to be drunk;

To be thrust in a barn,
Not cooked in a tank.

I come as a blessing
When put through a mill;

As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed;

But if into a drink,
I will plague them instead.

The cater shall rule;
In drink, I am a master.

The drinker a fool,
Then remember the warning:

My strength I'll employ,
If eaten to strengthen;

If drunk, to destroy.

Selected Story.

A FEARFUL ADVENTURE.

I am a doctor living on twenty-

third street, New York, and last

winter I had a fearful adventure

with a mania, the account of

which I have not before made

public, from the fact that I have

so shuddered to think of the night

of horror that I have not before

summoned courage to recall the

circumstances at the point of my

pen; but my nerves have grown

stronger, and I give this to the

public as an evidence that truth,

if not stranger than fiction, has at

least a more fearful realization.

The following is the story:

One stormy night in December,

during a visit of my family to

Poughkeepsie, I was all alone, the

servants even being away at a wake

or wedding, when a ring at the

door-bell summoned me to the hall,

and, on opening the door, I was

confronted by a large fine looking

man, well dressed, and of pleasing

manner.

"Good evening," said he, in a

splendid voice. "This is Dr. B—,

is it not?"

"That is my name, sir," I replied

blantly, "will you walk in?"

"Thank you, sir," he returned,

in a manner that showed him to

be proficient in politeness. "Are

you disengaged for the evening,

doctor?"

"I am," said I.

"I am very glad you are, sir,"

he replied; "it gives me an oppor-

tunity I have long desired of con-

versing with you upon anatomical

science, with perhaps, some prac-

tical illustrations," and with this

he followed me into my office and

seated himself before the comforta-

ble grate.

As he had apparently forgotten

to leave his hat on the rack in the

hall, I requested him to take it off

and offered to carry it to the hall

for him, and while he arose to

take it off, it gave me an oppor-

tunity to observe his splendid phy-

siogn. He was apparently over

six feet in height, and of muscular

proportions, a very Apollo in form

with handsome, regular features,

a fine mustache, and luminous

black eyes that at times had a

wonderful glitter in them.

"Whom have I the honor of

meeting?" said I, when I returned

from the hall.

"Ah!" he replied, with a smile,

"as to the honor, you are raising a

question; as to my name, I am an-

swering one in the card I have the

honor in presenting to you."

On a handsomely written card I

read the name, "John Dalhousie,

M. D., No. 75 Lombard street,

London," and immediately I en-

tertained a higher feeling of re-

spect for my visitor, and attached

more importance to the visit.

A lecture of mine upon anatomy

had been read and favorably com-

mented upon by the Board of Sur-

geons in London, and I was vain

enough to think that this had in-

duced the visit, so I extended all

my hospitality to my visitor, and

placed wine and cigars, and we

entered into an animated conver-

sation, in which I found him well

read and deeply versed in medi-

cine and surgery, and the appear-

ances were that I had more to

learn from him than to impart.

I noticed, as he sipped the wine

from time to time, that the gleam

of his black eyes grew more intense,

but I supposed this came from his

deep interest in the subject of our

conversation. He then proposed

to go to my dissecting room which

I had located on the top floor for

the benefit of a skylight, and

with pleasure I led the way, and

lit a fire in the stove which I al-

ways kept ready to touch off, so

that we soon had a hot fire, and

the room warm while I threw on

flood of gaslight, which made the

room brilliant, indeed. He ex-

amined my surgical and dissecting

instruments, and his eyes glis-

tened, as he remarked how he would

like an opportunity of using them,

and I expressed my regret that I

had not a subject to place at his

disposal. He then told me he had

an original plan for testing the

strength of the human heart and

its highest degree of pulsation, and

if I would lie down upon the dis-

secting table he would practically

demonstrate it to me. He said it

would be best to remove clothing

to the waist, so I stripped them

off and laid down upon the table.

He then went to my head and

leaned over me and in a moment

before I was aware of his purpose,

he had my arms pinioned back

with a rope that he had evidently

taken out of his pocket with a slip

noose all prepared. As he bound

me more firmly, he told me if I

made a noise he would stab me to

the heart. He then went to my

feet and bound them firmly, and I

had an opportunity of looking into

his face; insanity gleamed from

his eyes; I saw that I was in the

power of a mania. I was utterly

helpless, I dared not make a

noise, knowing that he would kill

me the moment I did. My agony

of suspense was awful. What was

he going to do.

He took up my dissecting in-

struments, and his eyes gleamed

with fiendish delight. All hope

died in my breast; I saw his pur-

pose. He said to me, with a

demoniacal laugh that made my

blood run cold:

"Ah, doctor, you regretted not

having a subject for dissection at

my disposal, you see how easily I

have secured one. It is my old plan